BUSINESS HOUSES

A TTWOOD & ANDERSON, Cotton Factor and Commission Marchants, 294 Front. BLACK, BROTHER & CO., Cotton Factor and Produce Merchants, 294 Front. BARNUM, F. D. & CO., Watches, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, 265 Main, corner Court CRAVER, W. E., Photograph Gallery, 29. CAMPERDAM BRUS., Merchant Tailor. 280 Main street (Bethel Block). 51-128 CITY BANK, cor. Jefferson and Front sts. CAROLINA LIFE INS. CO., My Main; J. Davis, Pres't; W. F. Boyle, Sec'y. COHEN, M., Hats cleaned, dyed, presse

CAVANAUGU, P. H.,
CLOTHING GLEARED, REPAIRED,
AND NEW WORK MADE TO ORDER.
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PDWARDS, J. D., Dealer in Oysters, Lake Fish, etc., Fruits of all kinds, 278 Second FORD. NEWTON, & CO., Grocers and Cotton Factors, 17 Union. Lee Block. FORSTER, KEALHOFER & CO., Grocers,
Cotton Factors, Com., Merch'ts, 299 Main.
GRAYSER, GEO. L., Importer of Cigars
and dealer in Pipes, in Overton Hotel. GALBREATH, STEWART & CO., Cotto CYOEPEL, LEOPOLD, agent, dealer in Or-

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MA-HEINRICH, P. H., & BRO., Confections Fancy Groceries, Liquers, etc., 25 Main OERNER, THEO., Druggist and Analytical Chemist, 54 and 56 Beal, cor. Second

JOHNSON, G. D., Druggist, 153 Main, two K LEIN & BR . Wholesale Liquer Dealers. LEROY, J. Mercha of Tallor, 17 Jefferson and Front streets.

LITTLETON, A., &t 7., Insurance Ag't, ASONIC MUTUAL LIPE ASSURANCE M CORE, WM. R. & CO., jobber, of Dry Goods and Varieties. 20 Mein street. M SIRKIMAN, BYRD & OU.

M SIRKIMAN, BYRD & OU.

PINE WATCHHARER,

PINE WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

775 MAIN.

M COOMBS, KELLAR & BYRNES, Hard-ware, Cutlery, etc., 322% and 324 Main. ORGILL BROS. & CO., Hardware, Cutlery and Agricultural Implements, 312 Front.

PLANTERS INSURANCE CO. OF MEMphis, cor. Madison and Second. J. G. Lonzdale, Pres't; David H. Townsend, Vice Pres't; Walter A. Goodman, Sec'y; John G.

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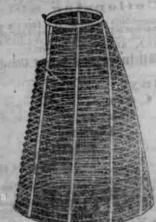
24 Second street. S POUT, CHAS. & BRO. Hardware, Cut lers. Guns, etc., 227 Second. Adams Block

THADERS, Cotton Factors, 324 s rout street TERRY & MITCHELL, wholesale dealer in Boots, Shoes and Hats, 329 Main street

WODBUFF & CC., dealers in Carriages, WALTER, JOS., Druggist, 184 Main, be

YOUNG & BROTHER, Booksellers and

BOUTHERN HOOPSKIRT MANUFACTORY,



198 1.2 Main Street. Latest styles for 1870, without joints and

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

JAS. S. CARPENTER & CO., Gen'l Av'ta

Mesers, James S. Carpenter & Co., Gen'l Ag'ts of the Coun. Mutual Life Ins. Co.:

I have the pleasure of any Co.: of the Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.:

I have the pleasure of advisorbiding the decipit of partners of policy No. 88,225 on the lite of Henry P. Woodard, decid, for twenty thousand dollars, and dividends in bull on the name. The insured September the lith, 1862, and died August the 18th, 1863. The manner and promptness is which your Cos pany he etted this claim deserves spread mantion, and I respectfully recommend the company to the confidence of the public.



LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9, 1869.

NO. 86

THE GREAT RED STORE.

Lonsdale 4-4 Bl'd Sheetings, 16 1-2 cents.

Cheaper than the Cheapest.

FAVORITE

NOW SO WELL AND FAVORABLY KNOWN, CAN BE FOUND AT ALL TIMES,

Heating Stoves, Lamps, Tiu-ware, Grates, Hollow-ware, etc., at

Roofing, Guttering, Cotton Brands and General Job Work will receive ompt attention.

Choice Groceries, Tens, PROVISIONS.

WM. FRANK,

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328 Second St., Memphis, Tenn.

23C Main street.

10-4 White Blankets, \$3 00 a pair.

10-4 White Blankets, \$3 00 a pair.

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THE CHEAPEST

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Of Richardson, Son & Owden's make. Attention especially asked to No. 41 quality. The best value for the money ever offered to the people of Memphis. Don't fail to inquire for the 41 Linen, if you wish to save money.

COLL'S ... 267 Main Street.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

VOL. IX.

The Puntin Langua is published every Af-ernoon (except Sunday) by E. WHITMORE,

By mail (in advance): One year, \$8; signouths, \$4; three months, \$2; one month, 70 sents. Newsdealers supplied at 2% cents per copy.

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Eight lines of Nonparell, solid, constitute

Special Notices inserted for ten cents per for each insertion. Notices of Deaths and Marrisges, twenty cents per line.

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*8. All letters, whether upon business or E. WHITMORE,

THE MAN WHO TOILS; Ten Points on a Topic of Interest

BY THE BLUFF TATLER.

Y .- COMBINATION AND CONSPIRACY. After a close glance into the curiosiwork of characters, one is not in the least surprised why the poor toiler seems to be perpetually kept in the bottom of the boat during the voyage of life, while the puffed-up dandy or the useless idler is permitted to handle the helm and steer whatever course he pleases. It might reasonably be supposed that in a free land truth is that nowhere else is he subjected to so many taunts and jeers nor so much on all political and festive occasions as the "people's representative," the "workler for conspiracy laws and a strong talker in favor of clipping as close as possible all combinations in aid of the toiler. He may wink and smirk and smirk and smirk and smirk and smirk and strike and strike and strike bow bid Tankard the tinker a jolly good day; but at the same time he may have in his placear head a rice. have in his plaguey head a pian for increasing their poverty, which he would sell to a ring of jobbers or bond-holders for a small remuneration in greenbacks or the promise of assistance at the next election. What cares he if a conspiracy law is a relic of barbarism? Isn't this the nineteenth century, when every use is his own master? Don't Gulliver Crowbar back in the toilers' smiles?—and ien't he, by my faith, their adorable rep-resentative? Dare they who seek shadows and shun substances ask more? Let them be satisfied with what they have, about him and his two million france a little as it is. Let them shake hands year till I seat him off with a flea in his with the Honorable Gulliver; he's a nice man—a very nice man, you see; a generous man the poor man's friend, you know. What use or value to the man who toils are societies and unities and frateruities? Such combinations betong to the politician and the place-henter outside of whose rings nobody has a right to debate questions of econ-omy. No one should believe the booby who says a republican form of govern-ment (such as we see around us) is a

improvement that a poor toiler puts on his patch of ground he has an additional tax to pay. If Bluffhead and Builhead happen to be the chiefs of a jobbing ring, and at the same time chiefs of a political league, it is the easiest thing in the world for them to play their cards in such a way as to win as many acres of the public domain as they please from the "people's representatives;" and this game is frequently applauded under the high-sounding title of "public improvement." But suppose Tightfoot the tanner and Wooltoe the weaver begged a few acres for the purpose of starting a tanner and a tanner and Wooltoe the weaver begged a few acres for the purpose of starting a tannery and a woolen factory, would they not be laughed at on all sides?—and yet have they not just as good a right to a donation of land as any political ring or set of jobbers? To be sure, all rings are liable to be blown up as bubbles and amashed, while the man who toils may continue creating wealth. He may never become a great or nament in sonever become a great ornament in so-ciety, but he may ever be the guide or progress and the source of prosperity. The toiler indeed should be honored by everyone, while the idler deserves scarcely anything but scorn. All nature is an example of toil. The sea is un-cessingly on the move, and the planets ceasingly on the move, and the planets and stars never stop whirling in their or-bits; the rivers and the rills keep onward, forever flowing, and the dew-drops fall and disappear and fall again; the largest eak and the smallest moss keep their saps in circulation, and the fairest and sweetest flowers bud and bloom year after year. There is not an insect but has its mode of toil, and follows it continually. What brighter lesson need be asked than the construction of mounds by ants, pyramids by termites, honey-combs by bees, and reefs by corals? In earth, air and ocean the perpetual song of all things useful is—toil! toil!

Back from "Yurrup,"

Boston, November, 1809. Have you ever seen a family of fools just back from Europe—or Yurrup, as they pronounce it? They never talk to talkito each other and at you till you are pretty nearly distracted with their clatter; till you are sick of their ocean experiences; their dukes and emperors; their trivial adventures; their pointless reminiscences; till you are sick of their imbecile faces and their relentless clack, and wish it had pleased Providence to leave the clapper out of their empty skolis.

the honest toiler would occasionally come to the surface and show his face, but the in "Yurrup," and were returning home to Boston. Papa said little, and looked bored—he had simply been down to New at the mercy of knaves and tricksters. York to receive and cart home his cargo All around him sharpers grow like mushrooms, and shavers come and go like
flacks of birds. It is serenely grand to
see Gulliver Crowbar put himself forth occasion offered, in the way of remem bering some French barber's-I should ingman's friend," and the "advocate of they pretended to have forgotten it.

They occupied the choice seats in the say some French Count's-name, when legislative ball he becomes a tough stick- parlor of the drawing-room car, and for twelve hours I sat opposite to them-was their charming French way,

Augusta-Pingue that nahety (oasty) steamer! I've the headache yet, she rolled so the fifth day out.

Angeline-And well you may. I never saw such a nahaty old tub. I never want to go in the "Ville de Paris" Why didn't we go over to London and come in the Scotia ?

come in the Scotta?

Aug.—Because we were fools!

[I fervently endorsed that sentiment.]

Auge.—Gustie, what made Count
Caskowhisky drive on looking so blue,
that last Thursday in Pairy? (Paris,
she meant.) Ah, own up, now!

Ann.—Now. A serie, how you talk! I

Ang.—Now, a agie, how you talk! I told the nahay creature I would not receive his afficutions any longer. And the old dake his father kept boring me about him and his two million france a

Chorus-K -- he-he! Ha-ha-ha ! Charles—[Palling a small silken cloak to pieces. Angie, where'd you get this cheap thing?

Anga—You Cholly, let that alone!

Cheap Wel', how cou'd I help it? There we were, tied up in Switzerland just down from Mon Blong (Mont Blanc, doubtless)—couldn't buy anything in those nabsty shops so far away from

who says a republican form of government (such as we see around us) is a thing of striped beauty like a butterfly's wings, tenderly upheld by senators and sages who take exquisite pleasure in munching doesnuts at the public expense, and dulestly apostrophized by a new order of gentlemen called the Hifshitins, whose loftiest ambition is to twaddle to a med, and temble out of one party into according with the aptighthorus of a sprite. It always appears to Satsolder Sundown that a political caucus is a combination for the "public good," while a trade society appears to his argus eyes appeared over with a hundred feelts, each fault in itself squal to a "conspiracy." His cham Iscariot Sundower will say the country belongs to "the people;" yet he knows very well the politicals and the same what he was laughled faintly, but not with the cast grace of a man who was certain the cast

Mamma—[With uplifted hands] Dead marchais, my son!

Ange—Beaumarchais! Why how can you! Nobody in Pairy wears those nasty things but the commonest people. Charles—They are a rum lot, but then Tom Blennerhassett gave 'em to me—he wanted to do something or other to curry

wanted to do something or other to curry favor, I s'pose.

Ange—Tom Blennerhasset!
Aug—Tom Blennerhasset!
Mamma—Tom Blennerhasset! And have you been associating with him?

Papa—[Suddeuly interested.] Heavens, what has the son of an honored and honorable old friend been doing?

Chorus—Doing! Why, his father has endorsed himself bankrupt for friends—that's what's the matter!

that's what's the matter !

chorded himself bankrupt for friends—
that's what's the matter!

Ange—Oh, mon dieu, j'ai faim! Avezvous quelque chose de ben, en votre
poch, mon cher frere? Excuse me for
speaking French, for, to tell the truth, I
haven't spoken English for so long that
it comes dreadful awkward. Wish we
were back in Yurrup—c'est votre desire
aussi n'est'œ pas, mes cherea!

And from that moment they lapsed
into barbarous French and kept it up for
an hour—hesitating, gasping for words,
stumbling head over heels through adverbs and participles, floundering among
adjectives, working miracles of villainous
pronunciation—and neither one of them,
by chance, understanding what the other
was driving at.

By that time some new comers had entered the car, and so they lapsed into
English again, and fell to holding everything American up to soprn and contumely in order that they might thus let
those new-comers know they were just
home from "Yurrup." They kept up
this little game all the way to Boston—
and if ever I can learn when their
funeral is to take place, I shall lay aside
every other pleasure and attend it. To
use their pet and best loved phrase, they
were a "nasty" family of American snobs,
and there ought to be a law against allowing such to go to Europe and misrepresent the nation. It will take those insec's
five years, now, to get done turning up
their noses at everything American, and
and the results of the properties of the proper five years, now, to get done turning up their noses at everything American, and their own country and "Yurrup." Let us pity their waiting friends in Boston in their smiltions.—Mark Treain, in Buffalo Express.

President Smith, of Portsmouth College, will spend his vacation at Florida. The Mayor of New Orleans, at the beginning of last week, annunced that flour being \$7 50 per barrel, bakers must furnish sixty ounces of bread for twenty cents, thirty ounces for ten cents, and fifteen ounces for five cents. Consumers were requested to report to the nearest police station any violation of this order.

An inventive Frenchman who witnes-sed the great petroleum conflagration at Bordeaux, recently, suggests a new mode of harbor defense: "In case a hostile fleet should bombard a port, all that would be necessary would be to pour several hundred barrels of petroleum on the water at the ebb tide and light it. Wooden ships would be burned, while on the contract of the several hundred barrels of petroleum on the water at the ebb tide and light it. iron ships the crews would be reasted."

A scoundrel in Canterbury, Conn., recently jumped through the window of a chamber occupied by a Mrs. Backus, seventy-two years of age, and her niece, and with a pistol in hand, he demanded:
"Your money or your life!" "You will have neither," replied the plucky old lady as she seized him by the throat, and held him until the niece called in the neighbors who took the fellow to jail.

A Florida paper reports that a panther reaently entered the house of Mr. Eli P. Whidden, in Manatic county, in that State, and sprang at his little daughter. The father rushed to the rescue of his child, whereupon the panther made at Mr. Whidden with such force that he was compelled to retreat. Mr. Whidden jumped out in the yard and ran around the house, with his assailant close after the house, with his assailant close after him. He seized a broad ax and struck at the panther, but the ax fisw off the handle, and he was compelled to retreat; he finly reached an adde, which he seized. and at one blow laid his enemy dead at

Prince Alfred has been guilty of a breach of courtesy which does not speak well for his breeding. When sailing into the port of Yokohama the English admiral was duly saluted, but the American and French officers were passed by without salutation. In consequence of the insult these officers refused to attend the Prince's leves on the following day. Their absence caused so much comment that the young squirt was forced to recall his manners, and on the next morning went about the business of a general salutation like one who had no petty malice to nurse and no boysh whims to

On the 11th of November, Rossini's remains were disinterred at the Pere La Chaise Cemetery in Paris. About twenty of the friends of the deceased meestro were present on the occasion, at the interior of his widow. Rossini, whom remains had been temporarily buried the vault of the Countees Pepoli (Albom), rests now in a mansoleum constructed is the co-called Alley of Honor, facing the large entrance portal. On the front of the monument is engraved in letters of gold the word "Rossini," The interior walls of the change are projected. walls of the chapel are painted in red.
Two marble tables are fixed in the walls
on the right and left. In the background is a small altar of white marble.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Tinware, Stoves, Grates, MANTLES,

Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Wire, etc.



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MANUFACTURERS OF

IRON WORK FOR BUILDINGS.

Bridge and R. R. Castings.

RISK & JOHNSON



ALSO SUPERIOR

Sad Irons, Dog Irons, Sash Weights

BLACK OAK

HOLLOW WARE AND CASTINGS

SOLE AGENTS FOR BUCK'S PATENT

JOHNSON, RISK & CO.

-AND-

Fences, Verandas, Balconies, etc.



GREAT REPUPLIC. Early Breakfast Cooking Stove

and the OPEN FRONT PARLOR MEAT-ERS, that took the premiums at the Cin-cinnati Fair on the 8th of September, where there were minety cook giove, entered—the Fashion, Emporia, Charter and other leading wood cooking stoves being among the contest-ants, We have also the renowned FAME

toves, Grates, Tinware, House Fur-nishing Goods, Coal, Lard and Lubricating Gils, etc.,

NO. 272 FRONT STREET, - - MEMPHIS.

WE ARE. NOW OPENING UP ONE OF the largest and most complete stocks of Stoves, heaters, Hollow-ware, Cutlery, Tin-ware, and house furnishing goods generally.

STOCK IS KING.

COTTON QUEEN.

A LL PERSONS KNOW, TO SUCCEED IN planting they must first secure Stock. This they can do by calling or sending their orders to us. At the Arcade Sale Stables, No. 28 Second trest, namenob size of the No. THE BOOKS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OF Stock are now open at the Gas Office. By order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

10 us. At the Arcade Sale Stables, No. 23 Second street, mammoth sign of the Horse and Mule—M. C. Cayee & Co. Daily Auction and Mule—M. C. Cayee & Co. Daily Auction and order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

11.88

10 us. At the Arcade Sale Stables, No. 23 Second street, mammoth sign of the Horse and Mule—M. C. Cayee & Co. Daily Auction and Sales, at 10 o'clock. Large stables and lots for Stock Dealers. Furniture and Grocery sales, at usual, at 3 o'clock. M. C. Cayee & Co. 11.88

CELEBRATED CHAMPION.

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Testimentals and list of names of partirs who are now using CHAMPION can be seen at our store. H. WETTER & CO., IS and IS Monroe Street,